



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Those Baltimore Broilers Are Bears

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## The Strongest Man on Earth

Like Socrates, Luther, Wesley, Lincoln and Others Great in History, it is He Who Has Courage to Stand Alone.

By DR. C. F. AKED.

How often it goes unexplained why it was that Athens killed Socrates?

It really is no wonder why they killed him; that flat-nosed, awkward, bare-footed inquisitor, forever poking his flat nose into other people's affairs, showing them that the wisdom they claimed to have was but foolishness.

Yet a Socrates is indispensable to every community—a man who will force you to understand yourself, to examine your own thought, and see that your wisdom is foolishness. We think that we are thinking, but even a Socrates is needed to show us where we stand.

We have today a Socrates with us. The dramatist Henrik Ibsen is a direct descendant of Socrates, and has inherited his right to make us think of the foundations of our knowledge.

Ibsen never claimed to be more than an interrogation point; he has no philosophy or views of his own to systematize or falsify of your own thoughts. And of all his plays, the one of which he himself is the hero is the most strong, simple and direct; the drama "An Enemy of the People."

The hero, Dr. Stockmann, the man who has been so ready to tell the people of his town wherein they are wrong, when defeated in his purposes, boycotted, and even banished in his home, comes at last to the declaration that he made his wife, "I have discovered that I am the strongest man on earth—the man who stands most alone."

"Trust thyself," says Emerson, "every heart vibrates to that iron string." So then, that is the secret of the foundation of strength.

The great men of the ages who have stood most alone are the men of whom we are now the most proud. Luther stands for the great institution of Protestantism, Fox for Quakerism, Wesley for Methodism and Lincoln for the great nation which he saved.

In the case of Lincoln, in particular, it is impossible to account for his greatness unless we remember that he did stand alone. After he had reached the age of 49 he had absolutely nothing in his life that had been successful, but he stood; so that when he was called to the highest office that the people could give, he was ready to take it and make that power which was given to him the power that should save the nation.

Courage and faith are the foundations of the victory. The hedgehog sees a movement an inch from the end of his nose and cries that the world is coming to an end. There are these hedgehogs in every line of life.

Lord Acton, when asked what the greatest single event of the century was, answered that it was the sinking of the trial steamer of Fulton in the Seine, for its perfection under the government of Napoleon would have changed the history of the world. And the hedgehog people in New York stood on the dock and declared "It will never go," but it did go, and Fulton's stand alone was gloriously justified.

In the church, the charge is made that evangelism is dead. It is not even dying. It can never die, for it is founded on the living faith.

The world is waiting for a new incarnation, a religion that shall be as good for the polling place as for the prayer meeting; as good for swapping horses as for saying prayers; as good for the primaries as for the presbytery. The gospel of today is a gospel of social service. We may be thankful for the promise of mansions on high, but what we need is more decent homes on earth and more decent people in them. Religion is not a thing of the stars; it is a thing of the streets.

In the drama referred to the hero declared that in a democracy the majority rule; that the majority of the people are fools; therefore, the democracy is ruled by fools.

How far can we go on this? Where is the fallacy?

In this the majority does not rule, it never did, and never will. The minority rules; ideas govern.

It is your strong men who stand alone whose strength is in brain and heart. These sit on the throne of the ages, and sway the majorities to their will.

It is your Wesleys, your Luthers, your Cromwells and your Lincolns, who make and mold the mighty forces with which empires have had to deal.

Then, the majority is not so given to foolishness after all. In the long run you can trust the innate sanity of human nature. Demos is not a child of Chaos, it is a child of God and the outgrowth of the Christian spirit. Democracy is the expression of the highest of the teaching of Christ.

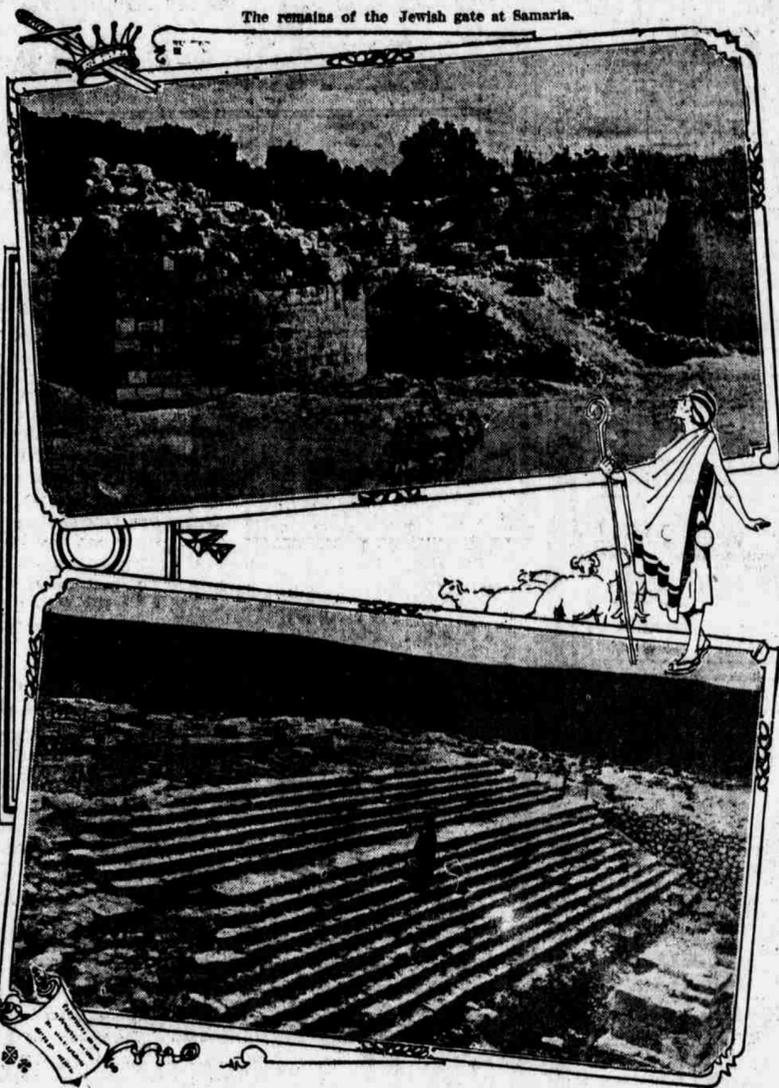
What is the manifest destiny of the American people in the growth of this democracy? America has years of glory behind her, she is young and daring. What is her mission?

It is this: to build up life on truer, juster foundations that the Old World ever laid; to evolve a nobler manhood and womanhood. This is the destiny of America.

## The Story of Ahab and Jezebel

How the Modern Science of Archaeology Confirms the Narrative of the Hebrew Scriptures.

The remains of the Jewish gate at Samaria.



The eighty-foot wide staircase in Ahab's "Ivory House."

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

We all like to see the stories of the Bible, which is our youth, at least, we read with wonder and veneration, confirmed, in some of their most interesting details, by the results of modern exploration, which seeks only for hard facts, and often obtains them in unexpected and surprising ways. Most of us, no doubt, have been better pleased with the thrilling stories of the earliest adventures around the Dead Sea, who thought that they had seen the very pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was changed, and had caught sight, deep beneath the tremulous water of the walls of Sodom—old palaces and towers quivering within the waves' intensest day.

Then, with the more scientific relations of later travellers, who find only indications of a great geological catastrophe there. Yet even these, in a manner, confirm the scriptures, for they show how the legend of the destruction of Sodom may have originated.

But lately there has been made a discovery which offers a more direct, if only partial, confirmation of one of the most fascinating of the Bible narratives, that which tells of the wickedness and woes of King Ahab and Queen Jezebel, and the adventures of the Prophet Elijah.

Explorers digging on the site of the ancient royal city of Samaria, have uncovered what are believed to be foundations of Ahab's palace, or "Ivory house," containing Hebrew inscriptions, with familiar Hebrew names, and what seems especially significant, references to a "vineyard." This, it is thought, can be nothing other than the vineyard of Naboth, which the Bible says lies near Ahab's palace, and the coveting of which by the king, who wished to turn it into a royal park or garden, brought about a terrible example of the wrath of God.

The owner of the palace, some of whose walls are shown in the photographs, and which occupied about two acres of ground, with its many chambers grouped around inner courts, "did more," says the Bible itself, "to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him."

His fundamental offense was in marrying Jezebel, the daughter of an idolatrous king, and herself a worshiper of Baal who steam-rolled the enemies of her religion with a cold nerve that would have made even a national committee-man's teeth chatter. It is true that the other side had set her some examples, for Elijah took her prophets and "brought them down to the brook Kishon and slew them there."

When Jezebel heard of this she sent to Elijah a message, which, from the point of view of literary effectiveness of expression, must be regarded as one of the most blood-curdling threats ever uttered: "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by tomorrow about this time."

Elijah, who had just performed a marvelous meteorological feat by putting an end to a three-years' drought, quailed at that threat, and in the language of the scriptural writer, "when he saw that the queen's message) he arose and went for his life."

But the full anger of the Lord was not excited against Ahab and Jezebel until the incident of the vineyard occurred. When Ahab told his relentless wife that Naboth refused absolutely to sell his inheritance to suit the royal pleasure, Jezebel took charge of the affair herself. She trumped up false charges against Naboth, got some rascals to swear to them, and then had the unfortunate man stoned to death, by due process of law.

Then back came Elijah with a message to Ahab from the Lord God of Israel: "In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even this time."

It all came out according to the words of Elijah's message, but the wicked queen, strangely enough, long survived the husband she had ruined, although she, too, finally felt the vengeance of Jehovah, for she was thrown from her palace window, and when the dogs were through with her, and she lay on her back, they found only bones.

There is a good story concerning a certain trip of inspection, when Louis Hill and a party of officials were taking a peek at the station agents somewhere along the line in Minnesota. At a station we may call Oscarville an agent, perhaps forewarned, was observed frantically moving trucks and cleaning up.

"There's a hustler for you," said one of the party.

"Humph," said Hill.

At another station the agent met them smilingly, smoking a good cigar and clad in his best clothes. He was frankly idling, yet nothing was asked.

"Well, what do you think of that?" commented one of Hill's friends, "there's an agent who has time to loaf."

"Humph," said Hill.

A month later the loafer was promoted. "If a man can get his work done without doing it himself he's the man for me," was the explanation of the railroad president.—Metropolitan Magazine.

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## The Artistic Temperament

A Young Lady Writes to Miss Black on the Subject of Temperament—She Gets Good Sound Advice

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She wants to be an artist's model, and she has written to me asking me how to get work at being one.

"I have an exquisite molded form," she says in the letter, "and an artistic temperament. I am very talented and have done artistic work. My work has been accepted and highly praised in various stores, and I would like to go on with it, but they offer me such ridiculous prices that I can not do it. How shall I get into my proper sphere?"

My dear, sweet, foolish little girl, your proper sphere is right at home with your good, sensible mother "who worries about you," you say. I don't blame her.

If a daughter of mine ever got the idea into her little head that she had "an exquisite molded form" I'd never give her rest or peace, night or day, till I got that notion out of her brain. If I had to discharge the laundry and give daughter the family washing to do to make her realize that there is only one thing on earth worth having, and that is rest.

Artistic temperament!—If I ever caught any girl of mine thinking herself "temperamental" I'd shut her up in a convent with a wall six feet high all around the place, and I'd keep her there till she came to her senses.

Artistic temperament!—Yes, there is such a thing, but the people who have it never know it themselves. The one sure sign that a girl is absolutely without what we call temperament, for want of a better name, is when she starts talking about it.

And your work, poor little girl, that "artistic" work you do so delightfully, what is it, tatting or wool work? Perhaps you make dollies with marguerites on them, or tray cloths with pond lilies all over the part where the unoffending cups ought to sit, or maybe you paint panels or decorate china, all nice work, all delightful work, for a pastime; but how can you think that there is anything serious about it?

They praise you at home and tell you you are "so artistic." Well, so you are, no doubt, within the limits. Why don't you stay in the limits and be happy?

Some day some nice young man will see you sitting on the porch embroidering a bureau scarf, and he'll think, "There, she is the right kind of a girl. No tennis for her, no golf, no running around all hours of the twenty-four, but just as nice, quiet, neat, gentle little soul who'll love to darn socks and look pleasant while she's doing it." And he'll speak to you with a new note in his voice, and all at once you'll see what nice eyes he

has and how broad his shoulders are, and you'll forget all about the "artistic temperament" and the things that go with it.

You'll find yourself walking up the aisle of a quiet little church some day to the old, old songs the organ sings, and your little head will be whirling around and around with happiness, and you will have found your vocation and the best vocation it is on earth, too.

Don't envy the girl with the real artistic temperament, pity her. She'll fly farther than you, but oh, how her wings will ache sometimes!

She'll see the world, she'll be part of it, and half the time she'll be envying you, just simple, contented, little wholesome you, with all her poor, hungry heart.

Oh, yes, they're all right, the studio teas and the bohemian dinners, and the "Art for Art's sake" jargon, for a while, but any one who really grows up, grows away from all that sort of thing some day, and then what?

It's no fun posing in a cozy corner when you're scrawny or fat; no one looks at you. It's tiresome trying to be temperamental when your feet ache because they are too small to carry your weight. And who cares how "artistic" the arrangement of your hair may be when you have to dye it to keep the gray from showing?

The artistic temperament people will tell you all about it, little girl. Just get behind the screen in the bachelor apartment, where the woman you envy so much lives and tries to pretend she likes it.

She is a genius, a real genius, and, like most geniuses, she's as unhappy as a woman can be. She has a home somewhere and a good man in the home waiting for her to get over her madness and come back to him and the boy she left when she followed the call of temperament.

She can't go back. Her genius won't let her; she lies awake here in the little frame of a disappearing bed after the guests are all gone and the wildly hilarious dishes have been gaily washed and hid behind the piano top, and she cries, and she cries, and she cries. She remembers the light of perfect adoration in the eyes of her little son. What would she give for one such look tonight?

Go back? She can't. She must work, work till she dies, and she can't work in the little town in the little home where the boy lives with his lonely father, so she stays on the "studio apartment" and is picturesquely miserable.

You don't belong there, little girl, at all. Be content in your "comfy" home, with your mother, the best and dearest friend you'll ever have.

And remember, that he is coming down the road sometime, maybe today, perhaps next week, to round out and fill in your life.

"Artistic temperament," "exquisitely molded form" forget these foolish words, my dear little girl, and some day you'll be quite, quite happy.

## Always Too Young to Boast

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Love is exactly like war in this—that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete on Saturday night may, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning."—Laurence Sterne.

It is not an uncommon thing for those on whom Cupid has spent no arrows to boast that they are invulnerable.

They are always too young to make that boast. Too young when the years have bowed their shoulders and powdered their heads.

It is no distinction to have escaped. To be incapable of emotion is so similar to a mummy existence that those who have reached years of maturity and have never been "shot through the heart" have reason to be alarmed about it themselves.

There is something lacking—sympathy, tenderness, charity, tolerance, hope, faith or the power to dream.

Such a one should not boast. It is rather a matter to be regretted and remedied. It indicates a sickness of the most sacred of the emotions.

It indicates a lack of ability to love, a coldness that makes love turn away.

Neither is it to one's credit to have loved only once. The heart doesn't die with humiliation at its first mistake. It lives to make another, and another, and

that which is sometimes regarded as a "mistake" turns out to be the most beneficial and useful of experiences.

The mistake lies in carefully covering one's heart with frost, and then making the boast that it is invulnerable.

There never was a heart so fortified, so watched, so guarded and so closely sentinelled that there was not some opening by which love could enter if he chose.

Sympathy, pity, pride, vanity, hope, who can say which one will point to a weakness in the fortress?

There is some mode of entry into the hardest heart. If there were not, this would be a dreary place in which to live. So don't boast that time has left your heart whole. Rather regret it, and remedy it while the remedy still lies in your hands.

No Chance for Difference of Opinion "Didn't you find Miss Brown a very intelligent girl?" "Oh, yes."

"She makes a business of reading all the new books that are fast as they appear."

"So she told me."

"And you got along beautifully together?"

"Yes, indeed. She had it all her own way."

"How was that?"

"Why, I haven't read a book in 5 years."

## The Manicure Lady

"Libraries is great things, ain't they, George?" asked the manicure lady. "I think there is something awful grand about a library. There is so many books there, and all that."

"I never went into no library," said the head barber, "since I was a kid. The old man had a lot of books at home, and I used to read some of them when I had been a bad kind and was locked in, but since then I don't know no more about libraries than I do about the inside of a jail."

"Cheer up, George!" said the manicure lady, sweetly. "Remember that while there is life there is hope. But I was starting out to tell you something, George. It seems that Wilfred has a friend that is an attendant at the big library on Fifth avenue, and the other night the old gent took Wilfred and me and this library fellow out for an evening. I don't think father meant to extend his hospitality outside of the regular family circle, and he would just as soon have barred Wilfred at that, but mother wasn't feeling well, so pa wanted to use up his four seats. We all went to a swell show where Blanche Ring plays some sort of a Wall street girl, and we seen Eddie Dunn and had a great visit, and after the show we went over to one of them lobster palaces that you hear so much about and eat so little in. Father and Eddie Dunn bought all of the franks—not that Wilfred wouldn't have bought if he had had the price—and so I suppose the library attendant figures that it was up to him to give us some kind of a return party. So he invited us to the library."

"It was a grand treat, George. Me and Father and Wilfred roamed among them books like a lot of care-free children. The old gent had what cynical folks

call a holdover, and on the way downtown he had went into three places to telephone, so you can see that he was equipped fine to look at the backs of a lot of grand books. We must have seen the backs of 20,000 books, George. Some of them had their titles printed on the backs. You could read them just as plain.

"There was one swell set there that I would like to have took home with me if I had a dray. It was called 'Gibbons' Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Who was Gibbons, George—some baseball writer?"

"No," replied the Head Barber, "Gibbons is a middleweight prizefighter, and you can take it from me that he is a bearcat. He can hit as hard as Ben Frazier, and he is almost as fast on his feet as Yank Sullivan."

"Oh, you are thinking about a different kind of a man altogether," said the Manicure Lady. "Gibbons, the writer, is the man I mean. It's funny that a baseball fan like you don't know the man who wrote the 'Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"

"And there was a lot of swell books, too. There was Waverly Place novels, by Sir Walter Goldsmith, and the complete works of Charles Byron and Lord Dickens, to say nothing of a lot of smaller writers that I never took no time to read. But all the time I was wishing I was down to Coney. Some old guy wrote something once about the wonderful beauty of books, but give me Coney Island when it is lit up at night."

We know Spring is here when old Jack Frost chucks his job as advance agent for Old King Coal.

When a girl begins to call a man by his first name, it's a pretty good sign she has designs on his last.